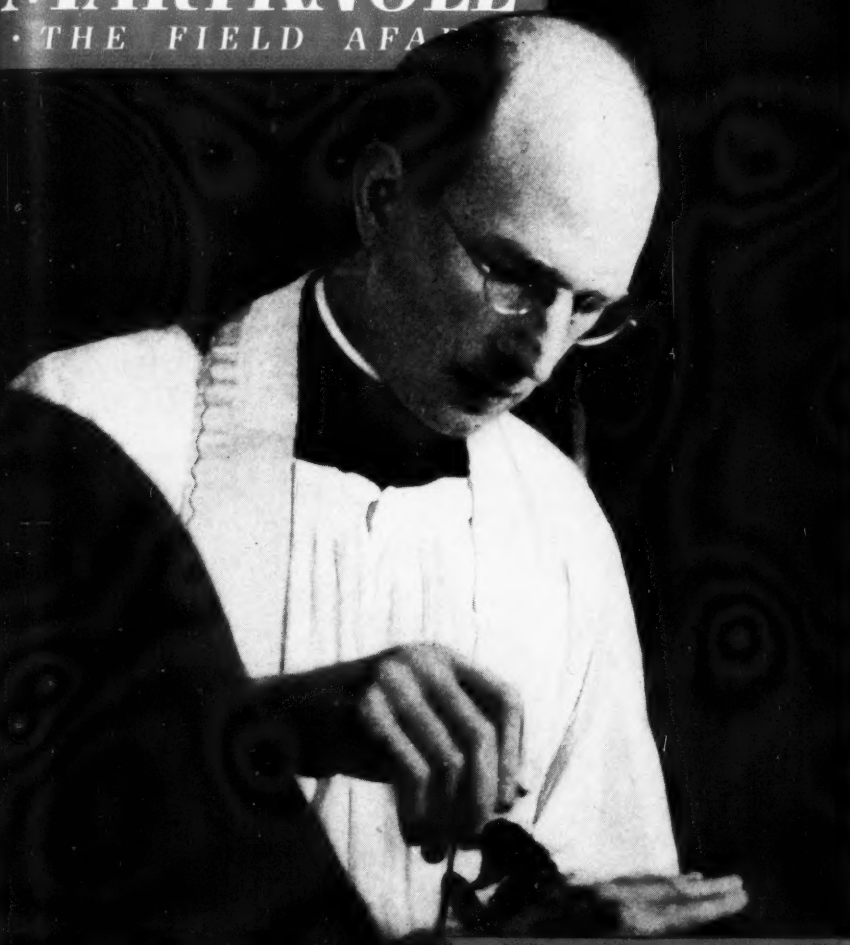


MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFFAIR



Maryknoll's Camera
Focuses on Manchuria, Page 31

July-Aug.  **1946**



Bishop Paul Ro, of Seoul, Korea, arises to address a gathering that recently honored the memories of Korean martyrs. Today, conversions there are numerous and Bishop Ro has requested help from Maryknoll to reap a full harvest. Father George M. Carroll and Father Roy D. Petipren, first on the scene, are preparing places for more Maryknollers soon to follow.

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

Address all communications:
The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York

Among this issue's features:

Our Cover: Father Edward McGurkin keeps a Manchurian baptismal font in active use.

Salt Shaker at Our Elbow. On the table lands of the world are people who need the savoring that vigilant Catholicity can give them. *Page 4*

A Leper's Knight. Late returns about those who managed to keep going Father John Joyce's way. *Page 7*

Mama Sanchez. A social worker came into a saint's presence and met with a one-woman crowd. *Page 14*

Under a Ten-Gallon Hat. Father Joseph P. Meaney gives a day-by-day account of the uplands in Peru. *Page 17*

Ten Little Indians. In Bolivia, the boys are learning new angles on football and heaven. *Page 37*

What Do They Ask Us? At home and abroad, a missionary is a source of information for people he meets. *Page 39*



Freedom is where bells ring for God

Since some State laws differ in their requirements for wills, write for our free booklet:
The Making of a Catholic Will.

Legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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25 More Maryknollers Leave for the Missions

In earlier issues of THE FIELD AFAR this year, Maryknoll announced the departure of 55 priests and Brothers for the foreign-mission field. Now, 25 additional assignments have been made. These missionaries will leave for the field this month, bringing the total for 1946 to 80 overseas assignments. More will follow later in the year.

TO AFRICA

Father William J. Collins, of Dorchester, Massachusetts

Father Albert E. Good, of Cambridge, Massachusetts

Father Louis I. Bayless, of San Jose, California

Father Joseph E. Brannigan, of New York City

TO JAPAN

Father William F. Pheur, of North Walpole, New Hampshire

Father Edmond L. Ryan, of Allenhurst, New Jersey

Father Clarence J. Witte, of Richmond, Indiana

Brother William T. Neary, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts

TO CHINA

Father Maurice A. Feeney, of Albany, New York

Father George N. Gilligan, of Brooklyn, New York

Father Bernard T. Welch, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts

Father James J. O'Donnell, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Father Arthur C. Lacroix, of Newton, Massachusetts

TO MANCHURIA

Father Thomas N. Quirk, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Father George H. Flick, of Oswego, New York

TO HAWAII

Father John J. Stankard, of Milton, Massachusetts

TO GUATEMALA

Father William A. Fletcher, of Fall River, Massachusetts

Brother Felix Fournier, of Brooklyn, New York

TO CHILE

Father Frederick J. Becka, of Cleveland, Ohio

Father John F. Curran, of Butte, Montana

TO PERU

Brother Gabriel Uhl, of Jackson Heights, New York

Brother Alexis Uttendorfer, of Brooklyn, New York

TO BOLIVIA

Father Charles A. Brown, of New York City

Father Lawrence J. Burns, of Wakefield, Massachusetts

TO ECUADOR

Father Bernard F. Ryan, of Chicago, Illinois

MARYKNOLL

Goes TO AFRICA

AFRICA. Maryknoll was electrified, a few weeks ago, by the direction from the Holy See that we take a mission field in Africa.

"Delighted to do so!" was the enthusiastic reply. Four priests were assigned immediately. They are ready to depart this month.

The Maryknoll Mission in Africa is in Tanganyika, on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria, just below the equator. The climate is not as uncomfortable as the nearness to the equator would indicate it to be, because the greater part of the 8,250 square miles of this mission field is in the mountains, averaging 3,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level.

The population of our new field is 296,000. Most of the people are pagans, but there is a nucleus of 13,800 Catholics. These were converted by the White Fathers of the African Missions, who have labored for years in the district.

The pioneer missionaries will study the language, customs, traditions, and mission methods of the country, under the direction of the White Fathers, and will prepare living quarters for other Maryknoll missionaries who will join them later. For the past generation, Africa has been one of the regions richest in converts to the Catholic Church, and it promises to continue to be rich in souls.

Salt Shaker at Our Elbow

by JAMES M. GILLOEGLY

JOHNNY, HUNGRY AS A BEAR CUB, had his dinner plate in front of him. It was piled high with meat and potatoes. The boy tasted one mouthful testily and then laid down his fork to send a roving glance cruising among the dishes and food before him. Unsatisfied, he sent a loud cry kitchenward.

"Mom, where's the salt?"

Mom, in the kitchen, pulled back the frying pan and turned off the gas jet. She came into the dining room and took a noncommittal look at the table. Then she raised her eyes appraisingly to Johnny.

"What's that right in front of you?"

Johnny, goggle-eyed, stared at the salt shaker at his elbow, and then exploded with amazed mirth. But his amazement had a suspiciously routine air to it.

"I looked all over the table, and here it is right in front of me!" he exclaimed.

Many of us, unfortunately, have Johnny's habit of looking about us and not seeing everything that we should. Our vision is often contained wholly in a roving, impetuous eye. Real observation

that carries a thoughtful focus along with it is as lacking in most of us as a fish peddler is in a desert.

The most important sights around and before us all day long are people. People make up the main entries and the prize winners in the parade that every moment of our waking hours is passing before the windows of our eyes. Unless some personal gain or peculiar attraction calls our scrutiny to it, we let major portions of the parade go by unobserved. If occasionally the scene is called to our attention, in thoughtless abstraction we may be prone to agree with the sage who remarked that "it takes all kinds to make a world"—and let it go at that.

But Catholics ought to be ready to add another thought to that remark. It is a thought that is more perceptive and of much deeper wisdom. It is this: it takes all kinds of people to make heaven what God wishes it to be. He wishes every individual to have a part in it; and if God has His way, there will not be anyone able to claim the title of "forgotten man." Some there

MONGOL MOTHER — she has a son who is a lama

AFRICAN CONVERT—part of a phenomenal increase

MEXICAN FARMER— he has seen many troubled years





AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE—
who is your neighbor?



FILIPINO MISS—war was a
cross she had to carry



BURMA GIRL—Mandalay
must learn of Christ

are who are going to fall out of line, or mistakenly take the wrong road, or wear out just from weakness. God's solicitude for them is just as great as for the others who keep moving forward steadily to the goal He wishes them to reach.

We must remember that the souls needing to be saved are not only those in Africa or in the Orient. The Church is bound by her commission from God to continue putting blood and means into foreign-mission works. But, behind the lines of the Church's frontiers, are other needy souls—the souls of people who are close

to our American Catholics, people whom they see every day, people who live near them and work with them.

The ordinary layman knows such people as his acquaintances, his friends, his relatives. As far as position goes, he is on the best spot to score a continual, solid missionary hit among them for God and the Church. There are people who would be glad to have an interest taken in them. This is a "field afar" that is right next door to all. It is one where the zealous layman or woman can bring in a priceless harvest to God without going any farther

INDIAN BAKER—a caste
system is a difficulty

JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY—
he finds a strange freedom

RUSSIAN PEASANT—God
is an alien in her land



than the length of a trolley line from home.

To God, all men are important. That means those right in the home orbit as well as those across the sea in pagan lands. The fact that a person lives on Flatbush Avenue, one block away from the parish church, does not mean that his Catholic neighbors are obliged to ignore him and let him find his own way there. Often enough the non-Catholic is awaiting an opportunity to overcome his embarrassment, his indifference, or his involuntary ignorance. His silent wish may be that his friend, the Catholic layman, would speak and explain Catholic doctrine and ways to him.

Everybody in the Act

SOME of the Catholic laity balk at the idea of taking a forward attitude about another person's religious state. That is a false attitude that starts out on misjudgment. No one will object when he receives affable and tactful enquiries; people actually are deeply interested in religion and like to talk about it. They are going to be impressed rather than repulsed by a kindly and appreciative interest, particularly on the part of a friend, a relative, or a cherished acquaintance.

Almost every lay person is aware of someone who might be led back into the Church, or someone who possibly might be willing to take the first steps toward becoming a convert. Perhaps the man who lives next door, an old neighbor held in esteem, has already ventured some ques-

tions about the Church. Perhaps, on the other hand, he fell away from the Church years ago and never had the courage to renew his religious life.

What is holding him up? Would a word or two on the pleasant side, sincerely spoken, get him started again? How about inviting him to some parish activity and giving him a chance to get acquainted with the priest and some other Catholic men?

Powerhouse for God

IF THE Catholic neighbor is alert, and his interest is based on good will and friendship, he can be sure that God's hand will be there to help, and the result will be another soul won to Catholicism.

The field all about us is full of possibilities. In these days, more than ever, the non-Catholic is cognizant of his Catholic friend's Faith. More and more, he recognizes a vitality in it that arouses suspicions within himself. It gives a completeness to life that his own proofs lack. An alert layman can be a veritable powerhouse for God and the Church, in starting some of these souls toward the true Faith.

Everyone with a healthy love of God and a fondness for Holy Mother Church can do an inestimable part in bringing those of his own circle into the Church. They actually determine the distance of the "field afar." The ingredients of a missionary are within everyone. All the layman or woman needs to do, to find an opportunity for mission work, is to be on the alert, with eyes open.



Maryknoll is feeding a multitude of hungry refugees in China. We shall be grateful for any help you can give to assist us in performing this corporal work of mercy during this famine.

A Leper's Knight

by JAMES G. KELLER

IN 1945, all the war miseries of the Maryknoll leper colony at Ngai Moon came to a head. For three years the Japanese, camped across the mouth of the river, had been treating the missionaries to the sound



A situation called for Father Joyce

of gunfire and whistling shells. Mass was said before dawn, behind darkened windows. The dead of the colony were buried at night. The priests often slept in their clothes, ready for any emergency. In addition to all this and blockades, bombings, and enemy columns thrusting here and there to loot or destroy, there was the third successive failure of the rice crop.

Famine and disease were rife throughout the whole region. The lepers who had other diseases besides leprosy died like

flies; there was at least one death every day, and on some days there were five or six. Outsiders had to be hired to dig the graves. Hardly enough men could be found to carry the one coffin, which was borrowed for each trip. There was no medicine; a couple of years earlier, a large supply being brought in on a blockade runner from Hong Kong had been seized and lost, together with many other necessities.

Into such a situation, stepped Father John J. Joyce, of Scarsdale, New York, to lend a helping hand in the absence of Father Joseph A. Sweeney. Father Joyce was used to difficult assignments.

Stationed on Sancian Island, in the South China Sea, where lived fisherfolk who had turned to piracy and banditry, he had actually made those hostile people friendly to him. His keen eyes had seen that the poor equipment of the fishermen kept them in hopeless poverty. Using funds which came to him from friends in the United States, he then provided the men with new and bigger nets. Thus quite simply he had raised the standard of living on Sancian Island, and in doing so had won the good will of many people.

But here at Ngai Moon, on the wild South China coast, Father Joyce was faced with misery he could do little to help. And here he was faced with the Japanese invaders.

No sooner had he arrived than the Japanese closed in on the surrounding districts. Only the mountains behind the leper settlement were left as an avenue of escape. Before he was there very long, Father Joyce got used to climbing them,



At first, coffin boards made huts for the lepers. New facilities like chapel (below) were built by Maryknoll.

for supplies had to be obtained — they were his chief problem. Tramping hundreds of weary miles, dodging Japanese on mountain paths, crossing and re-crossing the boundaries of Free China—all became part of his mission as quartermaster extraordinary for a crowd of lepers. Many other missions were supplied by para-drops, but Father Joyce's station was never so fortunate.

Once he traveled two days to the bank where he kept the funds for the leper colony, only to find that the bank had departed. He has yet to catch up with it.

It was then that friends in need were discovered, and they proved to be the neighboring guerrillas. They who had burned down the first house for lepers now supplied rice and money for the afflicted creatures whom they had regarded as useless. And they gave this help in the midst of a starving, war-torn population. Once they had scoffed at the missionaries who wasted their lives to serve "useless" members of the human race, but now they helped Father Joyce weather out his first



winter. It was hard for even Father Joyce to believe.

Before the Pearl Harbor attack, in addition to their lepers, the Maryknollers had sheltered a hundred and fifty refugees and sick or wounded Chinese guerrillas, for whom they had set up a seventy-bed free hospital. More than a hundred outpatients had come to the mission's free clinic each day. There was a daily rice

line of a thousand, including many bombed-out neighbors; when supplies ran low, the needy would walk a round trip of ten miles for the quarter pound of rice given to them. The missionaries had been the last refuge of many non-lepers, and eventually that charity paid dividends.

One day, while sitting down to a cup of tea, Father Joyce received a warning note from the Japanese across the river. Unless he and Father Farnen, his confrere, would clear out, the leper asylum would be blasted to pieces. They cleared out. But Father Joyce was back in a month, when the affair had blown over — back with three tons of rice given by the guerrillas.

In March of that year, four years after the Japanese had become front-door neighbors, those invaders decided to take the asylum in the wilderness. They also made plans to capture Fathers Joyce and Farnen, but a friend warned the two priests.

Wong She, or Yellow Snake, was a farmer, in good repute with the neighboring outlaws. He was the Maryknollers' nearest neighbor in Free China. On one of his local journeys, Wong spied a large Japanese force crossing the river. He waited until he saw them split up—some pushing down the river by boat, a column marching along the shore road, and another winging off behind the mountains, to surround the territory on all sides; then, instead of warning his own people, the farmer ran to give the alarm to the Fathers.

All-Directional Flight

HE SAVED their lives, for the Japanese were almost on them. The lepers who were able fled in all directions. Those who could not move were murdered, and two of our houses were burned over them. Fathers Joyce and Farnen hurried down one side of the mountain as their pursuers

climbed up the other. By the grace of God and a knowledge of the trails, the two missionaries escaped.

Thus, after four years, the leper asylum was occupied by the enemy. Japanese officers and men made themselves at home there. Cavalry horses were stabled in the church, and the cows in the women's chapel. Pigs, stolen from our Chinese neighbors, enjoyed another building.

Few Survived

MEANWHILE in the matted jungles down the coast, Father Joyce had set up palm-leaf shacks for all the lepers he could find. He did not stay with them; working through the mountains, he covered a distance of about sixty miles, searching for other wanderers, setting up more mat-sheds, moving on. He was back at his old job. Making his way through the lines into Free China, he found the headquarters of a British Intelligence outpost, and there he met American paratroopers. They gave temporary help.

Of course the lepers were more pitiable than ordinary refugees: no village would shelter them. They lived like hunted animals, in the almost unendurable heat of the monsoon season. Many starved to death; others died of disease. When the winds of autumn came, Father Joyce was left with a handful of the strongest, and those survivors became guests of his American and British friends.

News of V-J Day and the surrender reached them eventually. On October 14, Father Joyce and his band of lepers made their way back to Ngai Moon and were ready to begin a new, peaceful life at the Gate of Heaven Leper Colony.

"Yes, we lost a lot," says the indomitable Father Joyce. "But there are thousands of lepers in China who need care, and we are ready to help them."

Shoes for Rosalinda

by HELEN HAIG

PATHOS plucked the heartstrings of more than one listener when eleven-year-old Rosalinda took the stand, in a Manila court, to testify at the trial of the late General Yamashita. Displaying the thirty-eight bayonet wounds she had received at the hands of the enemy, who had killed her parents, the child told a tale destined to reverberate on the other side of the world.

A reporter from *The New York Times*, who was present at the trial, sensed the sympathetic reaction of other witnesses to the little girl's recital, and he lost no time in cabling the dramatic incident to his paper. Among the readers of the story was a prominent business man of Manhattan. Pity for the orphaned, ill-used child lit the flame of his Christly charity. It flared into action.

Mr. X Takes Over

RECALLING that Maryknoll Sisters had remained in the Philippines after the war, and that their community would make a likely medium through which to effect his plan for Rosalinda, Mr. X—the man from Manhattan—communicated with the Sisters' Motherhouse at Maryknoll. In part he said:

"I am sure that all of us who read the report cannot help but feel sorry for this young lady and probably share the sentiments of the American generals who listened to her testimony, particularly when she repeated her mother's last words, 'Always be good.'

"I am wondering if it might be possible for you to contact someone in whose care the child might be placed, and through

your good Sisters in the Philippines provide for her education, the expenses of which the writer would be happy to pay. I am prompted to write this in view of the fact that the report which I read mentioned that her parents were killed by the Japanese, and as a consequence, she would undoubtedly be deprived of schooling. I am not concerned about the amount of money it might cost—but only about her Catholic training till the age of eighteen or twenty-one."

She Cried at First

COMMUNICATION with Sister Trinita—survivor of grueling experiences in the infamous Fort Santiago prison—inscribed another chapter in the fast-unfolding history of little Rosalinda. Sister wrote of finding the child in Manila:

"She is living in a Refugee Center, with a woman about thirty years old, who is her aunt. This woman promised the child's mother when she was dying that she would take care of the child, and she is doing it as best she can on her small resources. Their present quarters, bad as they are, are better than those they had in the Walled City.

"Their home is located on the same grounds as a public school, and Rosalinda is in the first grade. She told me that, before the war, she had attended Santa Isabel School, but I think it was probably only in preparation for First Communion. She did not go to school during the Japanese occupation.

"She cried at first, and did not seem to wish to have anything to do with us; but her tears soon disappeared when she saw



A girl's tears and 38 bayonet wounds in Manila reacted on a man in Manhattan

the dress, underwear, and rosary that I had for her. Before the visit ended, we were very good friends.

"There are many little things she needs that I can get for her here, but she had no shoes and asked for a pair. I am sending an outline of her feet and will ask you to try to get shoes for her. Childlike, she requested white. Perhaps you can get a black pair for school and a white pair for Sunday. She could use, also, some bobby pins, hair ribbons, handkerchiefs, socks, and other things that you know a little girl would like.

"I think the most sensible thing to do

would be to try to get Rosalinda and her aunt out of the crowded Refugee Center before having the child transferred to the Catholic school. For the time being, fifty dollars a month would be a big help in settling them in decent living quarters. If Mr. X would like to send it to me, I will see that it is used to the child's best advantage.

"As she grows older and her needs increase, or local conditions change, she will probably require more. Rosalinda is a healthy youngster now, which probably accounts for her survival of such a terrible ordeal. Her mother evidently took good

care of her, although poor and needy."

Mr. X's admirable concern for the Catholic education of his Filipina protégée is stressed in a subsequent letter to Sister Trinita:

"My bank in New York is cabling you five hundred dollars. This will cover ten months, as you suggested in your letter, for the good care of Rosalinda.

"It is my intention to send this check of five hundred dollars on a semiannual basis. Therefore, as additional things might be needed, not only for this little girl but for others like her, you are at liberty to use the money in the best way you see fit. I should be very happy to hear that she is back again in a Catholic school under the tutelage of Sisters.

"As for thanks, say them with prayers— you Sisters and Rosalinda — that I may be able to continue helping this little girl and others who are in need of like care."

Stretching the Allowance

SISTER TRINITA'S latest letter brings Rosalinda's story up to date:

"As Mr. X told us that we might use the money as we think best, I am going to stretch the allowance to help little Billy and Benny, who are at our convent in Lucena. They are brother and sister, whose mother and father were killed in Manila.

"When the First Cavalry (American) were fighting their way into Manila, they found Billy and immediately annexed him to their outfit. When they moved south-east to Lucena, they took Billy with them; and if they could have smuggled him into Japan when they went there in August, they would have done so. But as that was impossible, the next-best thing was to take him to our Sisters, who learned from him that he had a little sister.

"If Only Somebody . . ."

"FROM the information he gave, Sister Miriam Thomas was able to trace the nine-year-old girl to a house in Paco, where she was working as a little servant. Now both children are with our Sisters in Lucena and are going to school. GI's taught Billy his English, and he is in Grade Four. Benny is in the first grade but will have to stay there a bit longer, as she does not know English.

"They are both nice little children, healthy and lively and deserving of help. If only somebody could be interested in all such orphans in a big way!

"There is so much to be done for all our poor people here! There are thousands of children in the same plight as Rosalinda and Billy and Benny — but without a fairy godfather. We long to do something for all of them."

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$ _____, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$ _____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.



Firecrackers

by

GEORGE L. KROCK



WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED IN CHINA, I was pleased by the Chinese firecrackers, for they seemed to me to be old friends. The Chinese, in fact, invented firecrackers, and they like them even more than Americans do. Firecrackers in China are symbols of joy or of sorrow.

The Chinese New Year is welcomed with a sleep-shattering din of cannon crackers. For all birthdays, weddings, funerals, and festivals, all arrivals and departures of prominent guests, firecrackers are used. Since these events occur frequently in a town of any size, the Chinese are seldom without the cheerful sputter and popping of crackers. Anything really notable rates at least fifty salvos.

The children, as soon as they hear the explosions, start running for blocks around, trying to arrive before the crackers are all shot off. After the celebration, the youngsters spend much time searching the debris for crackers still usable.

Shooting Shops

IN CHINA, you can buy firecrackers all the year long. In each town there are rows of shops that sell nothing but firecrackers. Some families derive a living from the

manufacture of these explosives in their own homes. The process of making firecrackers is a simple one, and all that the makers need are paper and powder. It is well to have patience, because putting the materials together takes a long time.

Paste and Powder

EVERYTHING has to be perfectly dry, and that is a condition often difficult to secure in China. Many hours are needed for sunning and turning the paper in wicker baskets. Then the paper is pasted together, layer by layer, with a paste made of rice gruel, and the product is left to dry — sometimes for several days. After that, pressure is applied, and the paper is rolled down into uniform cylindrical tubes, which in turn require long drying periods. The operation must be repeated until the tubes attain the required thickness.

When several thousand of these tubes are completed and all are dry, the filling is begun. One end of each tube is stopped up, and the gunpowder is inserted. During the insertion of the gunpowder, no smoking is allowed. Then the wick is put in. Finally, the outside wrapper is pasted on — and there at last is a firecracker.



Mama Sanchez

by JOHN M. MARTIN

THE SOCIAL WORKER did not like Mama Sanchez. As a matter of fact, the feeling was mutual, but Mama Sanchez was too much of a Christian to say so.

The American investigator had made a bad impression when she entered the little mountain village of San Miguel, Mexico. She was wearing riding breeches and was accompanied by two Army officers and an Indian guide. The women of the village instantly concluded that one of their sex who would travel that way and sleep by the roadside at night, without benefit of a more decorous arrangement, was no lady and had no business prying into social conditions of their homes and asking impertinent questions, the answers to which she jotted down in a notebook.

It was true the stranger had letters of introduction and was subsidized by an American organization, but that did not change the fact that she had no religion except her own opinions and that she showed by the tone of her voice her disapproval of almost all she saw.

Eyebrows Arched

ONE instance occurred when she visited the Rivera family and asked little Lupe to indicate the number of her brothers and sisters. The youngster obligingly pointed them all out but ignored a black-eyed lad in the corner of the thatched home.

"And who is that child?" asked the welfare worker.

"He is not my father's son," replied Lupe.

Eyebrows were arched considerably, and a knowing smile appeared on the only lip-sticked mouth in town.

"Oho, so he is not your father's son?" repeated the social worker.

"No," said Lupe. "He is the son of my brother who lives in the hills."

But to get back to Mama Sanchez. She was ugly, it is true, barefooted, and so fat that she waddled like a duck when she walked. Her two-room, adobe house was not too tidy, because it was occupied by a veritable army that included her husband, Don Reyes, thirteen children, two pigs, a goat, three dogs, some chickens, cats, a parrot, and even an amiable burro that liked to join the merry throng by pushing his head in at the door. Naturally, the children were somewhat unwashed. The welfare expert did not like that—but when water has to be carried in jars for almost a mile, it is necessary that scrubbing be restricted to the weekly bath in the river.

The social worker was horrified when she saw the thirteen youngsters. "The idea of a woman who lives in such poverty having so many children!" she exclaimed.

Of course, she could not know without asking that the baker's dozen did not all "belong" to Mama Sanchez. That good woman, after rearing her own family of five, had taken in three broods of orphaned grandchildren. But the visitor preferred to jump to conclusions.

"Lazy and greedy!" was her verdict as she stared contemptuously at Mama Sanchez. "But what could be expected from a half-breed?" The visitor was forgetting what, only a few moments earlier, she had told the Maryknoll Padre about her own family: back in the United States, her father had been an Englishman and her

mother a Rumanian; she was American.

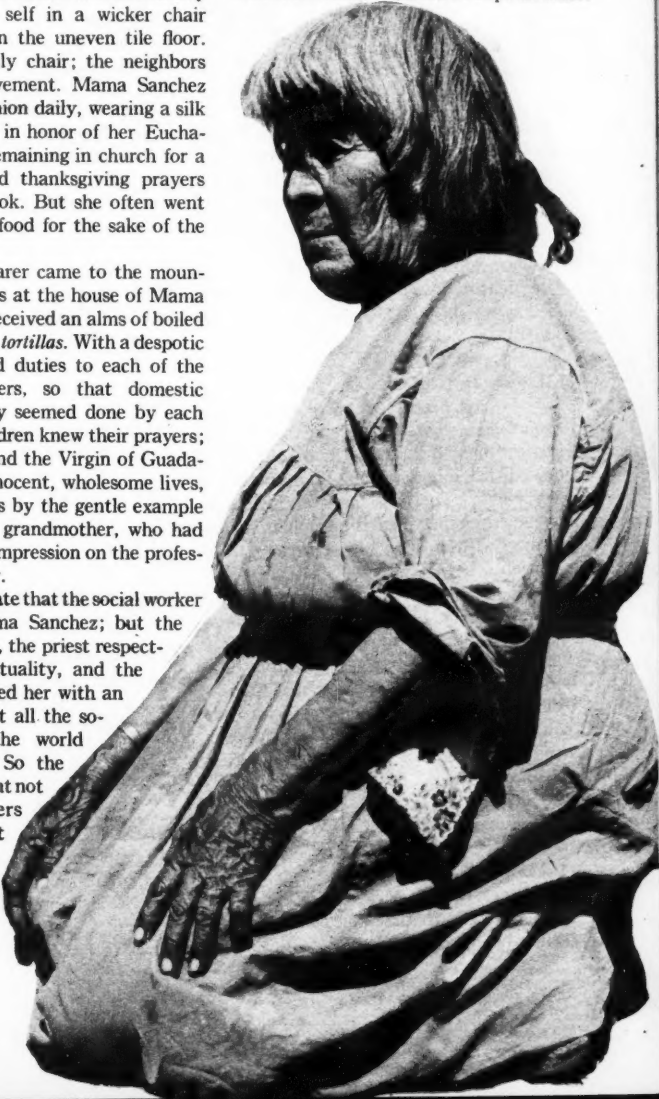
As for greediness, yes, Mama Sanchez was greedy — for Christ. Every morning she pattered to the church and laboriously seated her huge self in a wicker chair which teetered on the uneven tile floor. Hers was the only chair; the neighbors knelt on the pavement. Mama Sanchez received Communion daily, wearing a silk scarf and sandals in honor of her Eucharistic Lord, and remaining in church for a half hour to read thanksgiving prayers from a frayed book. But she often went without physical food for the sake of the little ones.

If a poor wayfarer came to the mountain village, it was at the house of Mama Sanchez that he received an alms of boiled beans and toasted *tortillas*. With a despotic love, she assigned duties to each of the thirteen youngsters, so that domestic tasks miraculously seemed done by each nightfall. The children knew their prayers; they loved God and the Virgin of Guadalupe. They led innocent, wholesome lives, drawn to goodness by the gentle example of their fat, ugly grandmother, who had made such a bad impression on the professional investigator.

It was unfortunate that the social worker did not like Mama Sanchez; but the children loved her, the priest respected her deep spirituality, and the good Lord rewarded her with an interior peace that all the social reform in the world could not bring. So the Padre, knowing that not all welfare workers were alike, did not

worry much about the incident; but for the sake of friendly relations between the United States and Latin America, he did wish such reformers could be kept at home.

**Mama Sanchez
made a wrong
impression**





IN BRIEF

Tooth and Nail . . . Father Peter Reilly, in Wuchow, China, walked into a dentist's shop, suffering intensely from an aching tooth. "Pull it!" he told the man. After a half hour's labor, painful and in vain, another Chinese entered and took over. "Who are you?" asked Father Reilly. "I'm the dentist," was the reply. "That other fellow watches the shop for me when I go out."

Wrong Holster . . . A gun-memoryed, war-blitzed, returned missionary's pulse quickened when a hurrying seminarian rushed into the FIELD AFAR office and asked the comprehending librarian for "a forty-five." The missionary's excited pulse steadied again when the seminarian left armed with *The Catholic Directory*, 1945 edition.

Third Order . . . Our mission records put Maryknoll in a hundred and one places around the world, but we learn from time to time that others use our name. A horse named "Maryknoll" is keeping turf crowds on seat edges; a Flying Fortress with our name on its nose flew over Europe during the war; there is a florist shop in St. Louis, with the same name.

Intestate . . . To a student who was ill, another casually remarked, "What are you going to do with that black suit you recently acquired?"

Setting the Pace . . . During a procession of the Blessed Virgin on a big *fiesta* in Peto, Mexico, a little fellow whose hat had been snatched off his head as he came into church, called out, when Father Mallon marched by wearing cope and biretta, "Look, Mama, he has his hat on!"

Fifth Column . . . Russian comrades, scratching their heads in bewilderment about future plans going awry, might find a reason in a five-year plan the Maryknoll Sisters have inaugurated. The first Saturday of every month will have prayers and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament offered by the determined Sisters in the hope that Stalin's fellow travelers will choose eventually the right road.

Gulp . . . A Maryknoll priest knelt in a strange church to pray. A cassocked figure in the shadows noticed him, and came over, and both men introduced themselves. The Maryknoller mentioned that a talk some Sunday on Maryknoll might not be amiss. Replied the other, softly: "But Father, it might not be well taken. This is an Anglican church."

Fowl Language . . . Brother Kevin, Maryknoll farm guardian, demands a spick, span, and DDT'ed place for his fragile baby turkeys. "The spot has to be disease proof; no chickens around. Otherwise, the turkeys will be 'dead ducks'!"

Fellow Suit? . . . Mistakes in our shipping department always have far-reaching effects. Back on his feet after an operation, Father Walsh discovered that his suit had been sent to refugees in Europe, and his cassock to Kongmoon, South China.

Under a Ten-Gallon Hat

by JOSEPH P. MEANEY

Pages taken from a diary of Father Meaney. Although written in third person, these extracts tell his own experiences as a missionary in Peru.

MONDAY. This afternoon, *cachapari*, or the "returning of the crosses," took place. For the Feast of the Holy Cross, it is customary to bring down to the church all the crosses that top the various mountain peaks about the village. Inspiring sights are these crosses dominating the countryside, some of them on peaks two thousand feet above the village.

These crosses remain in the church for the feast and the four days following it. They are repaired, if necessary, and repainted. For *cachapari*, selected groups of Indians carry the crosses to the mountaintops. On each brink, the procession halts, and the pastor blesses the cross; then the Indians gather around to kiss it before it is restored to its place.

Tuesday. When preparations were being made for Mass, it was discovered that the chalice had been forgotten. That meant a return to the parish house and the cancellation of a trip to Ollache until another day. It turned out that the error was providential. If the pastor had not remained in the village, he would not have received a call from a young man who reported that his father had been thrown from a horse and was in a serious condition. With his pockets full of bandages and medical supplies, the pastor set out at once.

The injured man was a horrible sight. He had been catapulted over the horse's head and had landed, forehead down, on



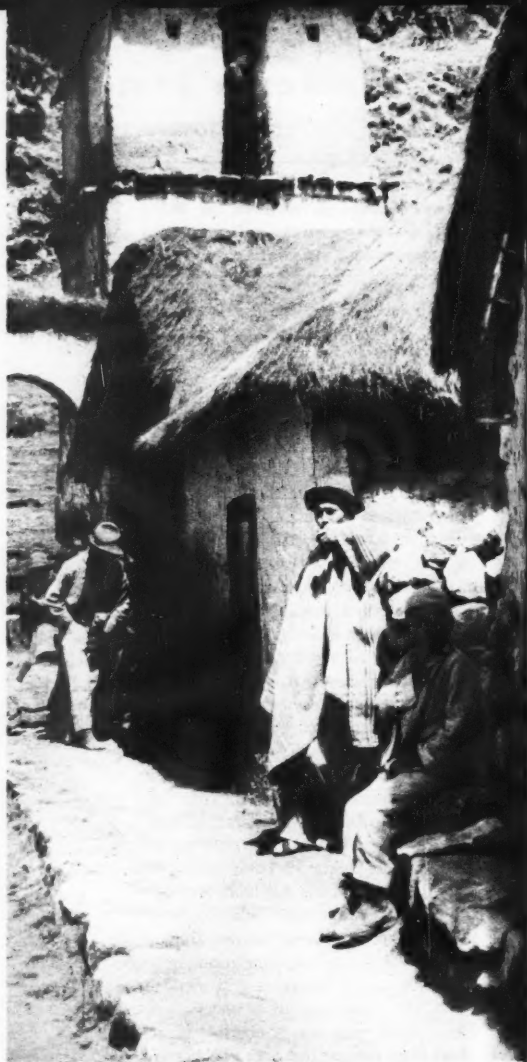
Father Joseph Meaney, Andean Padre

a rock. The frontal bone had been smashed in; there was a large gaping wound in the forehead; the face was swollen to twice its normal size, and was bathed in blood. The man had been carried to the village and had been lying for several hours where the pastor found him. No one had dared attempt to dress his wounds, and he was suffering intense pain.

The pastor rushed back to the mission house for some instruments and morphine. It took over two hours to get the patient cleaned up and made comfortable.

Hardly had the pastor finished with this man, when a call came from an elderly woman who was at death's door. Since the Blessed Sacrament was not reserved because of the pastor's intended visit to Ollache, it was necessary to celebrate Mass again, and Viaticum was given to the injured man as well as to the old lady.

Thursday. The wife of the sacristan was reported sick this morning. The pastor went to see her. She was lying on the ground, in a little shack about five feet long, three feet wide, and five feet high, which the poor sacristan had taken for his home when he had been evicted from the temporary school building several weeks ago. The shack was beside the temporary school. The poor woman



This Peruvian mission has no resident pastor

might have well been lying out in the road. And she had pneumonia!

Shocked at what he saw, the pastor went immediately to the temporary school and ordered the teacher and the pupils out of one of the two rooms. Without delay, all obeyed and took their benches with them. The pastor went out in the fields and cut down some dry weeds, and carried them in to make a bed for the poor woman. The weeds were covered with sheepskins, and then the woman was carried in. The pastor had taken his medicine kit with him on this trip, and was able to do something on the spot.

Monday. The pastor had received a special invitation to take breakfast this morning at the house of Dona Felicitas. It was somewhat unusual for a breakfast! There was chicken soup, with legs—claws and all—thrown in. There were a large dish of potatoes, more chicken, and several ears of the corn for which Ollache is renowned. There was coffee, too, as black as shoes. After breakfast Dona Felicitas brought out the rest of the chicken and more ears of corn. These she wrapped in newspapers for the Padre, lest he suffer from hunger on the ride back to Macusani.

Tuesday. Many weeks ago, the Indians had been urged to rethatch the roof of the church. Those who had come in from a considerable distance for Mass on Sunday had brought their bundles of straw with them, and they remained in the pueblo over night. Others, who live nearer the pueblo, returned home yesterday, and come in today with their bundles. The ceremony of thatching the church roof

(and well it might be called a ceremony) began Monday night.

Each village had sent in a group of four musicians. These men had reed instruments, and one of them had a small drum which he beat with a single stick incessantly. Each group circled the church and then remained in the vicinity of the church all night. It was difficult to sleep, as the music which is played for the thatching is something special. About nine o'clock this morning, work began. Each village has its own section of roof, and there is no trespassing.

First, the old straw was rolled off, and then the new straw was laid on. For this, there were between two and three hundred men on the roof. Down on the ground there were as many more, and an equal number of women helpers. There were hundreds of onlookers, who really were relief squads.

The whole affair was quite thoroughly organized. There were groups who made straw rope for other groups of women. These made up bundles small enough to be handled easily by the men on the roof. After tying the bundles, the women passed them on to men, who ran the bundles up to the thatchers on a rigging like a breeches buoy.

These riggings were decorated with little flags, and some had cowbells attached. The bells added to all the clatter and chatter and helped to create a holiday atmosphere. All the workers were happy, glad to be doing something in a big way for their Father's house. This thatching wasn't work: it was a privilege!

BOOKS NEEDED: We should be honored if any of our readers would supplement the books we have in our library. Books on all subjects are a real need. Write to: Reverend Librarian, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



MISSIONERS DEPART for their assignments overseas, and we become accustomed to the spectacle of their leaving — but what is a missionary? We see a group of resolute young men turning calm faces to a life work of struggle and effort far from their home firesides, as they set out to the accompaniment of high hopes, many prayers, and perhaps a few unbidden tears. They are priests and Brothers — gifts from their families to God, and gifts in turn from the Catholic Church to its less-fortunate children at the other end of the world. We knew them as typical young Americans, eager and earnest, interested in life and people, full of good ideals and generous resolves, tested of soul, forceful in character — men who bid fair to succeed greatly in whatever responsibilities they may be called on to assume.

They Have Left Us

DEPARTURE comes. It is over quickly, and they have left us, and we do not see them for a long, long time. They have become missionaries, and their work is veiled from our eyes, because it is so far away that only our prayers and messages can follow. They have entered a great profession — one to which Saint Francis Xavier belonged, and Cardinal Lavigerie — but one that has also included the widest range of diverse types that any profession can boast. That they are missionaries should

tell much, but a term that runs a gamut, in the popular mind, from great saints to great charlatans can mean anything.

It can be doubted if there is any other calling on earth about which so many conflicting notions prevail as that of the missionary. He is known and unknown, admired and derided, famous and infamous; every sort of mental picture of him and his work finds lodgment in the public mind.

The Exotic Exile

HE HAS been met in song and story, and he has come and gone as a part of the international scenery for generations, but he remains to this day an elusive personality of chameleon hues that baffles exact classification. He is a pioneer and an apostle, a trail blazer and a father of nations; but he is also a foot-loose adventurer and an exotic exile, an international meddler and a simple village priest — depending to some extent on what he does, but much more on what the general public imagines he does.

"I never expected to meet a foreign missionary in real life," said a frank Army officer on his first encounter with one. "I thought you good men were always getting lost in jungles and being eaten by cannibals." There have been missionaries who did both, but this concept is built on a basis of the occasional exception, like the idea of the doctor whose patients all die after successful operations, or that

of the lawyer who always boils his potatoes in widows' tears. Yet the extravagant notion is only an extreme form of a very widely held viewpoint, by which the missionary is pictured as a man whose bosom companion is calamity; a sort of modern Ulysses, who sees many cities and suffers many woes; a tremendous protagonist of every sort of trouble; a piece of flotsam and jetsam whose whole life is one series of catastrophes in which he is continually contracting fatal diseases, being hunted and persecuted, getting himself massacred, having his churches burned down and his work destroyed; in short, a tragedian on the stage of life, whose role is endless gloom.

There is a grain of truth in this concept of the missionary, but there ought also to be a grain of salt. Such things happen to some missionaries some times, just as they may happen to anybody else in the world and particularly to any priest in the apostolic ministry, either at home or abroad. But fortunately, they do not happen to any missionary all the time — for it would take a very durable man, indeed, to survive them all — nor do they happen to most missionaries at any time. The truth is that, in principle, similar trials happen to priests in general everywhere, but in reason and proportion, according to the measure of Divine Providence and their own capacities. Missioners do encounter trouble — and plenty of it, in many shapes and forms — and they would never set out to establish or promote the religion of Christ without expecting it.

Of this Saint Paul sufficiently forewarned them; "For I think that God hath set

forth us apostles, the last, as it were men appointed to death; we are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake, but you are wise in Christ; we are weak, but you are strong; you are honorable, but we without honor. Even unto this hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode. And we labor, working with our own hands; we are reviled, and we bless; we are persecuted, and we suffer it. We are blasphemed, and we entreat; we are made as the refuse of this world, the offscouring of all even until now" (*I Cor. iv: 9-13*). This is not the description of a tranquil and effortless career, in which all goes merry as a marriage bell. It is a preparation for a struggle. But neither is it a conglomeration of fantastic catastrophes that paralyze the work from the start and finish



off the worker before he even begins it. The grain of salt should be a generous admixture that distinguishes a hard but hopeful job from a hopeless and impossible one.

Constructive Men

SWEET are the uses of adversity, as the missionaries of our own generation have not been slow to discover. If the old-fashioned concept of the missionary, which came down from the days of our grandfathers, still persists among our friends, it may be that we have unwittingly helped to perpetuate it. We soon learn that trouble is a title to interest, or at least an inciter of curiosity; and presently the world is flooded with engaging personalities full of entertaining stories about natives and

bandits, tigers and snake bites, typhoons and earthquakes, wars and riots, great dangers, great labors, great expectations, and great needs. All this adds to the impression that the missionary is a man of exciting life rather than of constructive work; and to picture him finding time, amid these sensational activities, for the slow, steady, and prosaic labor of establishing and developing the Church is rather a strain on the imagination. Yet for one shipwreck, there are years of placid mission journeys; and for every upheaving earthquake, there is a decade of sure and solid settling down and digging in. Our cake is not all frosting; our work is more meaningful than our little adventures.

The missionary should be defined by his duties that keep him hidden from our eyes. The real man remains unknown because most Americans never see him in action and rarely see him at all. Two things characterize him particularly. One is an extraordinary love for his people, and the other is an inveterate habit of sticking at his post. He has his appointed work to do for the flock that God committed to his care, and that work holds him among his people.

A Full Life

IT LEAVES him little time to circumnavigate the globe. It keeps him more interested in his people than in us. He is a father, a shepherd, and an apostle, and his threefold solicitude absorbs his energies, occupies his time, and fills his life. He is not a dilettante who finds his work easy, nor is he a martyr who finds it excessively hard. He is merely a specialist who finds it demanding but immensely fulfilling and worth while. He knows enough about it to see its formidable difficulties; he penetrates to difficulties in the work that others never even discover. And knowing mission

work as he does, he makes up his mind that he has taken on a lifetime task that is going to demand the very best that is in him, if he is to dispatch it with the proper responsibility to God, the Church, and his own good native people.

Meanwhile, he is not worried about the cost to himself; he is only amazed at the sublimity of his reward. It does not consist in a life of adventure, although that may have its charms.

No Time for Talk

IT IS not the satisfaction of an onerous task manfully performed, much as there is to be said for such a worthy ideal. It is not even the love of his people, happy as that will make him. It is the prize of the supernal vocation in Christ Jesus that is delineated in its truest privilege by Saint Paul: "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death" (*Phil. iii: 10*). His work of taking Christ to others brings him to the supreme goal of all human dreams by forming Christ in himself. He is not conscious of this. He never even finds it out. But he wonderingly and wonderfully profits by it. It is the great reality stamped on his soul.

What is a missionary? Only a man who walks with Christ in the fields white for the harvest, whether far or near, where souls beckon. A man who spends all of his energies in spreading the Faith, with little time left for talking about it. A man who is a planter and a builder, rather than an adventurer. Just a faithful priest who shared some of the Saviour's love for the people and went out to help them because God sent him. A privileged man to whom is given the finest of life's vocations — the grace of preaching among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.



Train station to mission station—First stop is ticket office

One-Way Ticket

FROM China, Japan, and other parts of this troubled world, come calls for more American missionaries. It is tragic that, in this hour of opportunity, America cannot send forth all the priests needed to fill demands. However, we have some who are prepared to go forth. Let us speed them on their way!

This year, 80 Maryknollers are going

to the missions. They need tickets — one-way tickets. But that means \$500 each, a figure which includes transportation and equipment. Any gift, large or small, will be welcome and will help these missionaries to go out in the name of Christ. Theirs will be the glorious task of serving some of the millions over the earth who are hungering for His blessings.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his field of work. I wish him success!

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Two Billion People inhabit the earth. They all belong to God; He made everyone. Only fifteen per cent belong to His Church; the eighty-



God;
hty-

five per cent also should be members of the Church. Maryknoll is part of the Church's world-wide missionary effort to bring all men to Christ.

Missioners Fight Poverty

by DONAT W. CHATIGNY

ABOUT SIX YEARS AGO, a sturdy but tired-looking woman, clad in simple clothing that was showing wear and tear at fringes and cuffs, came into our mission in South China. There was a clouded gravity about her countenance and bearing that immediately told of distress and misfortune.

Three small children, all of them barefoot and poorly clothed, trailed in after her. One child, a boy of eight, felt his way cautiously along the walk, betraying his affliction of blindness. His eyes were fogged lumps of cataracts, hopelessly beyond the possibility of a cure. Moving slowly after him, as though accustomed to giving him time to feel his way forward, came two little girls.

One girl was about ten years old and the healthiest of the group. When she saw me at the mission door, a spontaneous grin of greeting spread over her face. The other girl, a thin slip of a youngster, was perhaps six or seven years of age. She was sobbing irritably and fretfully and had her whole attention focused on herself. It was evident that some pain within her was stinging and harrying her tiny body.

Beating Hearts

"**W**E JUST came down from Tanguen, Father," the woman said, not hiding her dejection. "There wasn't anything else for us to do. We have not eaten anything in the past few days. Can't you do something to help us? Maybe give me some kind of work here for a while, so that the children can eat?"

Her eyes filled as she spoke, and left her on the verge of tears. But her words

raced ahead of them. She seemed to want her explanation to carry the full force of her plea rather than to allow her tears to complicate and involve it. A determined effort on her part kept them from flooding down her face.

Sometimes unalloyed authenticity strikes like a clear bell. It leaves no room for error. The woman's sincerity was obvious. It was simple to give her a job at the mission.

Verge of Tears

DURING the next two weeks, she worked and her children ate. The little blind boy, groping in his dark world, consumed bowlfuls of steaming rice, heard the patter of his mother's passing feet, and was satisfied. The bigger girl, happy with her tiny responsibilities, brought home from the market vegetables and lumps of pork fat hanging from thin strands of bamboo string. A friend of mine promised to do something about permanent work for the woman if an opening should come in a project he knew about. The days would have been smooth and unapprehensive if it had not been for one little item that pricked at the contentment of all: the smaller girl still cried. The chronic stinging within her would not leave her body; the anguished, childish voice still fretted and moaned.

No matter what attempts we made to help her, the pain persisted. As the days passed, it became more certain to me that the child was slowly dying. Though her agony did not prevent her from being up and around, it left her a pathetic little figure as she stumblingly fought to rid



Their poverty leaves them bereft of everything but the air they breathe

herself of her weakness. Once, for a change, I got the semblance of a smile from her when she said a feeble thanks as I gave her a little tea to drink.

At that time, a radiant thought struck me. She had not yet received her first Holy Communion. Wouldn't it be a generous gesture, now, to allow her to have her Lord in Communion? Maybe He would find a way to brighten her sadness and lighten the burden she carried. I asked her about it.

Dim Sparkle

SHE was sitting beside the mission house in the shade of a eucalyptus tree when I broached the subject. Her tattered jacket and trousers were damp with perspiration. I flicked a hand at a swarm of flies, and the child showed only a cursory interest in their banishment. But a dim sparkle of light began to show in her eyes when I spoke of her receiving Communion. She

listened intently as I told her about it, and nodded her head in quiet agreement with what I said.

She made her first confession easily and without embarrassment, shaking or nodding her head, or adding a word or two in answer to the questions I asked her. Her awakened eyes solemnly followed the sign of the cross when I traced it out before her in absolution. I realized only then that we were both in the full light of the sun. While we had talked, the shade, unnoticed, had moved away.

About four o'clock that afternoon, sitting on a small bench before the altar in the chapel, the child received her first Holy Communion. She continued to sit there, thoughtfully observant, while I administered the further sacrament of Extreme Unction. The sanctuary lamp on the altar seemed to glow and flicker as well for Our Lord in the little child as it did for Him in the tabernacle. After I had

taken off my surplice and stole, she made no motion to move. I left her there, communing with God.

Later, I told the youngster's mother of what I had done. She looked in the chapel, saw her child sitting there, and came back betraying no emotion. But there was an abundance of feeling in her quiet, "Thank you, Father!"

The world has many children similar to that little girl. They live today with stricken families in many of the towns of Asia and Africa, and in many parts of Europe. Their poverty and misfortune aren't born of carelessness or mismanagement. They are not paupers because they will to be. It is their helplessness against a thousand odds beyond their control that leaves them torn and crippled. They stand weak and emaciated, bereft of almost everything but the free air they breathe.

It is not that their parents' wages are but ten or fifteen dollars a week. There is no work; there are no wages. Their land and lives are sterile. Wars and other calamities have bereaved and impoverished them. There is no fuel; there are no medicines. Destitution reaches down into their vitals and leaves them slowly, hopelessly starving to death. The unfortunate people would survive, and their children would laugh and play, if a small portion of what we are accustomed to throw away could be given to them. As it is, they live on the horizons of death, ragged, homeless, and cold.

Last Rites

OUR little child whom we left in the chapel that day did not have many more days to live. One morning, not long afterwards, we found her lying prone on a table in the rear of the mission compound. A few of us watched the inevitable begin when a calm smile started to settle on her

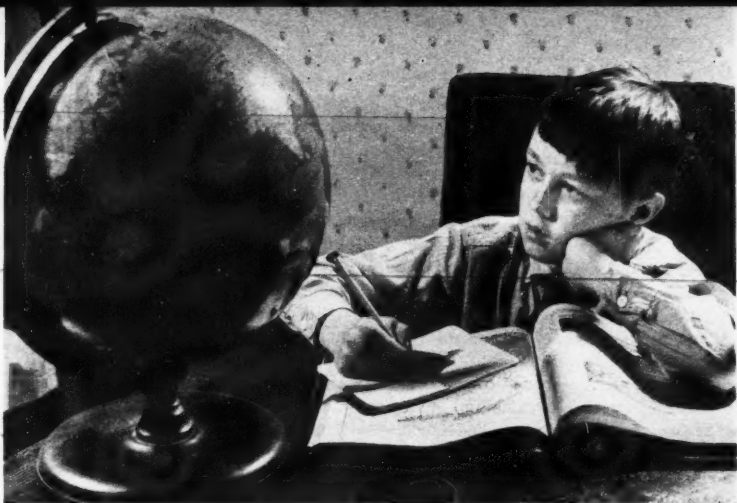
face. The pain that racked her little body was leaving her at last, leaving her because death was beginning to quiet it. A day later, after her soul and smile had gone to God, we put her on the hillside above the mission, where a little measured earth is forever consecrated ground.

Link That Binds

TO BE sure, the reward of suffering is great in the courts of heaven. But for the rest of us to presume upon that or stand aloof because of it, is to make ourselves selfish. God's reckoning and rewarding will include the rest of us who act as instruments of His mercy, the rest of us who in our charity put out our hand to feed and heal and cure. Our Catholic Faith, founded on and impregnated by God, teaches us that charity is greater than the virtues of faith and hope. It is worked out daily through the solitude of the Church and in the lives of her missionary personnel, who, working in the midst of God's lowly and forgotten, bring the other two virtues with them.

In practice, poverty in any part of the world is a problem that can take only an answer that comes from all of us. We are not those living in the blighted areas of the world, whether they be Asia, Africa, the Near or Far East. We are not in bleak lands where children piteously cry, and parents, helpless, are distraught. But our Faith is, and so is God. It is a link that binds us to those people.

The impoverished mother, dependent on God for the survival of herself and her children, finds her solution in the measure that we allow ourselves to be instruments of His mercy. It is part of the Catholicity of our Faith that others' poverty shall be our charity. No one will fail in God's reckoning who loves his neighbor. No world can stay cold where such fire burns.



The mission-minded boy of today can make the world of tomorrow Catholic

Maybe You

ALMOST EVERY CATHOLIC BOY with any traditions of his Faith in him, at some time or other finds himself wondering if he has a vocation to the priesthood. The idea may strike him when he is eleven or twelve years old, or it may not occur to him until he is well along in his teens or even later.

How can a boy know he has a vocation? All through his younger years, he is meeting with new ambitions at almost every turn of life. Older people know enough not to pay attention to him when, as a youngster, he claims he'd give his right arm to be a cowboy. In all probability, he'll change that ambition a month later for the life of a fireman. Those ideas are in any boy, merely because he has eyes to see and ears to hear. A good ball game would make him want to be a ball player, or a fast airplane would make him long for wings.

His young mentality and eager body are attracted to anything that promises action.

The work of the priest is the work of bringing men to God, getting them into heaven where God wants them to be. Who hasn't seen tugboats chugging and churning in a river stream, trying to nose a bigger ship into a pier? Hawasers, ropes, and whistles are used masterfully by the little tug until the liner is safely alongside the dock. A priest's work is akin to that of the tug. He spends his life getting immortal souls into heaven, steering and guiding them until the task is completed.

The Church will never reach the stage where more priests aren't needed. No clean-hearted boy who has good health and intelligence, who senses the worth of his own soul and those of others, who wants in his heart to serve God, would be given that inspiration unless God had a

reason for doing so. A boy should be careful to cherish that inspiration; grownups should help him to foster it. The further help and advice of the confessor, or pastor, or other priest-friend should be sought out. They will be able to help in many ways that will lead to a definite decision.

At Maryknoll, we are interested in any boy who has a vocation to the missionary life. There are many Maryknollers already working abroad in pagan lands of the Orient, from Manchuria south to the Philippines. Others are on this side of the world, in Central America and below the equator in Peru, Bolivia, and Chile. We have to supplement their personnel all the time because demands grow greater as our missionaries spread out into newer fields. These fields are waiting for new priests to come into them to help gather the harvest that is white and ripe for the picking.

If the life of a missionary attracts you, and if you have the physical and spiritual qualities to feel fitted for it, and have talked the idea over with your confessor or pastor and your parents, we should be happy to have you write us.

Looking Inward

MISSIONERS who go out from Maryknoll to the four corners of the earth are men who come from every section of the United States. Where you live — in California or in Maine — doesn't make any difference. You might not be the prize winner in your high-school or college class; it is enough if you have capabilities for good thinking and get better-than-average marks. You don't have to be a virtuoso. What is required is a love of God that will grow deeper and better every day you are serving Him on some mission post among souls who will see your love and be taught by it.

One of the things that make a good missionary is the ability to smile and laugh. A sense of humor is almost a necessity. It seems that God put all the villages on the other side of high mountains or deep rivers; so it doesn't harm anyone to have a lot of stamina to get him to those places. If you have these two qualifications on the outside, and a sincere desire to dedicate your life to God on the inside, you will probably make a good missionary. The training one gets at Maryknoll is the training that any seminarian for the priesthood gets. To that are added specialties: medical training, languages you will need to speak, mechanics — are some of them.

Looking Outward

THE road of the missionary is the road the Apostles walked. It leads over the hills and through the villages of China and makes a pagan temple a house of God; it winds through Korea, Japan, and Manchuria, where the natives are looking to the Church for leadership; it goes down into the lands of Latin America, to the Indians who kneel in prayer and await instruction. Along its way is the immeasurable beauty of a child lost in a pagan nation, saying it loves God. Or an aged man dying with God's priest at his side and a smile on his face. Or an enraptured, native mother bringing a newborn babe to the missionary's hand, to be blessed and baptized. The missions need more priests — maybe *you* — to carry out these tasks.

A boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should: (1) choose a confessor; (2) pray to the Holy Ghost for light and guidance; (3) receive the sacraments frequently; (4) discuss the matter with his parents. For further information, write to:

The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Maryknoll in Manchuria

IN 1823, the first mission in Manchuria was established at Cha-Kou. In 1932 the region around Cha-Kou was assigned to Maryknoll. Known as the Vicariate of Fushun, the area is the size of Kentucky and numbers some six million souls.



Pioneer Maryknollers, such as Father John C. Murrett, found a friendly people in a land fertile with abundant natural resources.



Mission dispensaries, focal points of conversions, were founded early and were soon treating 50,000 cases yearly in free charity.



Seven orphanages were opened to care for youngsters such as these. Manchurian boys and girls soon crowded thirteen Maryknoll schools.



An industrial school for production of wood carvings and vestments was established to provide jobs and to train workmen in manual arts.



These works of mercy had their effect. Converts were numbered in the thousands, and formed new and flourishing Catholic communities.



Yet, the price of souls was sometimes measured in human suffering. Father Clarence Burns escaped bandit-captors after nine cruel months.



Not so fortunate was Father Gerard Donovan, whose mangled body was found on a bleak mountainside. He had been missing for four months.



Perhaps it was their sacrifices that planted the seed of vocation in the heart of some Manchurian youth. Maryknoll began a native sisterhood.



Even the war failed to halt progress. Bishop Lane emerged from a concentration camp to ordain his first three native Manchurian priests.

The Little Indians

by **FREDERICK P. WALKER**

ONE DAY a group of American friends came up to Villá Victoria to visit our parish. They were absorbed in our explanation of things Indian: the delicate weaving of the bright-colored shawls; the unique treatment of *chuno*, the frozen and dehydrated potato so common in the Aymara diet; and many other customs and idiosyncrasies of our ancient people. Suddenly, from nowhere, there came thundering at us a herd of little boys—barefooted, ragged, running for all they were worth and kicking in front of them an old stuffed stocking.

We jumped nimbly out of their way—that is, as nimbly as the altitude of 13,000 feet would permit—and they breezed by in a cloud of dust and with a chorus of “*Buenos Dias, Padres!*” or “*Camisaki, Tata!*” The latter is the Aymara phrase.

Mr. Donald Mann, of the Co-ordinator’s Office, turned to us and said, “What on earth was that?”

Father Moeschler and I turned to our pastor, Father Jim Flaherty. “You tell him, Knute.”

“That,” answered Father Jim, “is my football team.”

And so it was! Ranging in ages from ten to twelve, that group of the toughest, most ragged little football players in Bolivia, were Father Jim’s ten little Indians: Faustino, Bonifacio, Santiago, Gregorio, Sepherino, Chrysostomo, Nicolas, Francisco, Miguel, and Rafael. Their names read like the litany of saints, though any other similarity to the saints is purely invisible. That is, it is invisible except on the morning of a day when they are scheduled to play a game; for on such a day,

like their idols, the Notre Dame Team up north, of whom they’ve heard so much, they, too, receive Holy Communion. And at that time, on their little, high-cheek-boned Indian faces, one sees reflections of the sanctity of those on whose feast days they were born and whose names therefore they bear.

The football these little fellows play is soccer. But as soccer football requires eleven men, we have been asked how ten little Indians can make up a team. Naturally it has been suggested that Father Jim is the eleventh man; this, however, is not true. As Father Jim explains, one never knows the ability of the opposing team, so a “ringer” is contracted before each game, his size and skill determined by the previous record of the opponent. This arrangement permits a wider variety of opponents. At least, that seems to be a charitable explanation of the strange procedure.

Father Jim’s little Indians have no uniforms but the ragged clothes they wear all week long. The shirts are of all shapes and sizes, and usually white one day of the week—the day after the mothers wash them in the river that flows through Villa Victoria. Trousers are varicolored, the original material all but disappeared under patch after patch. But these boys do have one uniform thing about them, and that is the Indian face. All have the facial characteristics of their Aymara ancestors: Mongolian features, round contours, high cheekbones, and spreading noses.

Several of the boys attend our little school, but most of them work. They

shine shoes or sell papers in La Paz; or act as adobe-makers' helpers, using their agile feet to stamp the mud and straw into wooden forms. However, whether they attend school or work, they have one principle that all follow: a member of Father Jim's team never walks. He runs to school and back, to church and back, to work and back. If he has a tin can or a stuffed stocking to kick on the way, so much the better. And every evening he assembles with the team in the yard outside the chapel, for organized drill.

During the American football season, the team assembles at the rectory to listen to Padre's shortwave radio. All members listen for one name — "Notre Dame." And when Padre tells them the score, their spirits rise or fall as Notre Dame did.

I could tell much more about these little Indians; for example, how they act as altar boys with all the bell-ringing, book-changing rivalries of altar boys the world over. I could tell about Bonifacio and his terrible trial in life, the little sister who has to be minded everywhere he goes; about little Francisco, the team pet, who

is a thin and fragile victim of tuberculosis; about Rafael and Miguel, two brothers with one pair of shoes between them — shoes which are too big for either boy and which are changed at the half from one player to the other. There are many interesting facts that could be told about the team, but what we missionaries are most interested in are their souls.

We've seen them come to love God more day by day. We've seen them brighten up from the dull, oppressed life of poverty into which they were born, and acquire a deeper respect for themselves and their fellows. And under those dirty little shirts we know there are hearts—Aymara hearts, but like the hearts of boys the whole world over — aching for some one to take an interest in them.

We hope to see these lads grow up strong men of character, good Christian men who will play the game of life with all the courage and faith they've shown in a little boys' football team. That is what we pray will be true for Father Jim's ten little Indians when the time comes to say, "Then there were none!"

Kicking tin cans along the street can train one for football and heaven



What Do They Ask Us?

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

THE missionary from China, on furlough in America, faces a battery of questions about his mission field. At first those questions seem multitudinous, but soon they resolve themselves into fifty or so, on topics of interest to Americans. In the schools he visits, the returned missionary is surprised to find that the boys are mostly eager to know about the Chinese language and happy to mouth a few free translations of current slang; the elders are more concerned with the cuisine in China; and clerical inquisitors compare ritual and methods of conversions in the two countries — China and the United States.

No "Talking Shop"

THE missionary on furlough has nine months of such questionings; but for the following ten years in China, he will answer the Chinese interest in things foreign. While he is on furlough, a priest's friends often refrain from questions under the mistaken impression that the missionary does not care to "talk shop" on vacation. Actually, the poor man usually is so full of his subject that he finds it harder to keep silence than to speak. In China, on the contrary, etiquette demands exhaustive questions on the visitor's native country; and in addition, a genuine interest in the topic breeds a host of inquiries.

The stranger instinctively makes all sorts of complimentary comments on the missionary's homeland; and in the interest of truth, the priest finds himself qualifying the encomiums of his visitor. But among the hundred or so closer friends, who have passed beyond the complimentary stage,

the questions betoken a genuine desire for information. Especially is this true of the younger generation, who are studying world history and geography and current events, in the schools. At the present time, both strangers and friends, first of all, anxiously query us on the reliability of the current news. Many imagine that we have better sources of information than they themselves have, and they are agreeably surprised when we assure them that the local daily papers print all the news that comes over the radio — the censor of which is not infallible, by the way.

After politics are disposed of, the questions narrow down to a few that throw a light on current curiosity. The young men about to enter college often ask about the social life of their equals in America, especially about problems of courtship and marriage. Their young life in China has been spent exclusively with other boys, and the narrow customs of their conservative village life allow so little social contact with womankind that, approaching the brink of matrimony, they are keen to hear of other customs.

Such questions constitute a bit of a problem sometimes. The missionary hesitates to answer them fully, not from ignorance or reticence, but from fear of upsetting customs sanctioned by centuries of prudence and comparative success. The young man in China these days has a problem to solve: how to reconcile obedience to parents — which in this matter calls for ultraconservative observance of ancient taboos — with the new freedom of youth in the school where coeducation is the rule.

Strangely enough, though interest in skyscrapers, subways, elevators, airplanes, and innumerable other Western products is keen, the questions of our Chinese visitors rarely bear on the mechanics of such contrivances. Typewriters, adding machines, smoothly sliding file cases, and the odd gadgets of office furnishings are simply taken for granted, without curiosity as to their construction. The readiness of any urchin to wind the phonograph or twirl the radio sets a Westerner's heart aflutter for the consequences.

But the social side issues of such products and contrivances are the subject of much questioning: the arrangements by which hundreds of firms manage to live in harmony in a skyscraper; the rush-hour etiquette of crowded subways; the time and importance of radio and phonograph music in the home. Such queries betray implicit acceptance of modern conveniences, and anxiety merely as to when and how they will fit into China's future life.

In fine, young China is showing the first symptoms of "stepping out" and is more conscious of possible awkwardness than of the real value of such modernization. At first it would seem natural to remark the absence of inventiveness in China; but on second thought, one realizes that young China is just like the rest of the world, in that it accepts inventions without inquiry into the nationality of the scientists responsible for them. Machines are no respecters of nationality, and inventions can no longer be monopolies to any great extent. Fool-proof products have penetrated to most parts of the world and have been adapted to local needs so aptly as to lose identity of origin.

The questions, then, that face the missionaries bear more on moral issues than on mechanics. We are glad that this is so, for it compels us to review our precepts and adapt them to modern conditions, and it is in line with our life work.

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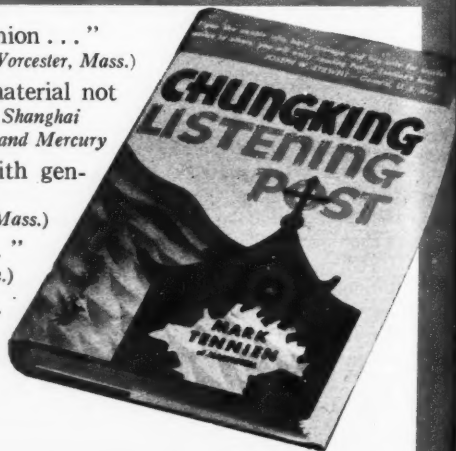
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MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
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His Wife, the Artist

by CONSTANTINE F. BURNS

THE scene was a walled garden beside the ancestral home of the Loh clan, in the village of Loh Fan. It was wholly an entrancing place with its moon gates and paved walks, its lily ponds and rose beds, its plum and lychee trees colorful with their clusters of delicious fruit. The warmth of early summer was in the air. The garden was fragrant with the scent of flowers and alive with the music of birds.

Under a trellis of honeysuckle, against the wall that bordered the road, were stone tables and stone settees. At one of these tables, chatting over their tea, sat the aged scholar, Loh, and his old friend, Wong. They spoke of the usual subjects that interest old men. Suddenly the sound of singing voices broke in upon them, and both glanced through an aperture in the garden wall to learn from whence it came.

On the road they saw a group of young people—boys and girls—walking to school. The students belonged to a college up the road, one of the many that had fled from occupied territory to towns and cities of Free China. The girls strolled ahead, chatting with lively feminine interest. The boys followed, lustily singing a song set to modern music.

Old Wong spoke. "I was shocked the first time I saw that group come into town," he remarked. "But I have watched them during these past months. I think they are not bad. They are just different." He paused a moment. "Your young son will graduate from the foreign medical school, will he not?"

Loh visibly stiffened at the question. Wong instantly regretted that he had mentioned the subject, for it had touched

a sore spot. Even he, a friend of many years, could not presume to test that festered wound of Loh's. The awkward silence made him rise and step across the tiled path. He plucked a rose and, sniffing its aroma, heard Loh's voice, oozing with bitterness, speaking.

"It would be better if that son of mine had never been born!" Loh rasped. His voice had within it the hurt pathos of a proud man looking at what might be his own misdeed. "He refuses to marry the

Nurse had more news than a newspaper



daughter I have chosen for him. Some young willow of this new generation has turned his head." The old man's face and voice grew tense with vehemence. "But I have sworn an oath! He shall obey me or leave my house forever!"

Far away, at the University in the City of Cassia Trees, in the Province of Four Rivers, young Loh Chung was finishing his course in medicine. Leung Lin, whose eyes were deep as moonlit pools, was finishing her studies in art. The old scholar, Loh, had written his stringent ultimatum to his young son. Like a bombshell, it had fallen in the midst of the two young people's lives and blasted their bright hopes temporarily.

They weighed its consequences and talked it over from every angle. In the end, love won: the two students decided to cast their lots together and trust that the future, with an angel's smiling help, would mend the breaches of the present.

Heart Trouble

"**B**UT if I should continue my studies," Leung Lin reflected, "that will take years. How shall we manage it and be together?"

"That can't be helped," admitted Chung, ponderously. His thought seemed to absorb him. "I wish that you —"

"I know what you are going to say," Leung Lin interrupted. "You wish that I would become a nurse! Then we could work side by side."

Chung grasped her hand, in gladdened spirits. "That's just what I was going to say," he laughed.

"You were afraid to suggest it, my dear young man," Leung Lin accused. "You know I love to paint. But I have thought of the other work, too. I believe I have decided. I will study nursing."

Chung's eyes shone with delight. "You're as noble as you are beautiful,"

he said, his heart beating gaily again.

A few more years passed, and there were more graduations. The busy young intern at the mission hospital became a busy young doctor in wartime. Leung Lin, a nurse now, showed extraordinary ability and captured the fancy of the Sisters for her devotion. The doctors said that Leung Lin's care of the sick had greater effects than their medicines. From the staff of a busy hospital, that was not a shallow compliment.

Something Familiar

ONE day an air raid left its toll of wounded and dying on the streets of the city. Among those carried into the hospital was an old man battered by concussion and the fragments of bombs. No one could identify him. He was put in one of the wards, and lay there for days in severe pain and partial coma. When he did gain a semblance of consciousness, his whole body was still racked with pain. Leung Lin, in charge of the ward, soothed him and placed a new compress on his brow.

She began to remark an unexplainable fascination growing within her concerning the old man. A couple of times she stopped at his bed and, unnoticed, studied him intently. There was something familiar about him—but whatever it was, it eluded her. It was like a question mark, plain and easy to see, with a sentence dimly and vaguely written ahead of it. She shrugged her shoulders and finally gave it up.

Her solicitude pleased the old patient. Her fussing about him and the techniques of her training at first got cold co-operation. Then he began to melt and to admire. There was the exquisiteness of an artist, he thought, in her care of those bedridden, wounded, and sick. He secretly watched her as she went from bed to bed, cheery



The patients liked the smile that went with the medicines she gave.

and lighthearted. She seemed to heal minds as well as bodies. His rigid and ancient code had no dispositions that made wonders out of women, but mentally he placed this nurse in his own home and made comparisons. He had to admit that there she would have no equal.

One morning Leung Lin was making the rounds of the ward. A smile brightened her face when she saw that the old man was awake.

"Good morning, Old Master!" she said warmly. "How about helping us fill out your chart? We haven't got your name or the name of the place where you live."

"My name is Loh," the old man answered. "I am from Loh Fan, in the next province."

Leung Lin's eyes popped wide with amazement. "From Loh Fan!" she exclaimed. "Then you must know Doctor

Loh Chung! He is from Loh Fan!"

The old man, startled, pulled himself up in bed. "You know Loh Chung?" he asked with astonishment. "He is my son!"

Leung Lin couldn't contain her surprise. "Chung is here in the hospital," she said. "He works here. Your whole family has been deeply concerned about you!" An inspired look brightened her face. "Wait!" she said, and dashed off, leaving the old man in the midst of confusion.

Three minutes later, Doctor Loh Chung came hurrying into the ward. Behind him was Leung Lin. From his bed in the center of the ward, the old patient peered tensely at the apparition coming towards him. "Chung!" he cried out. "My son!"

The dam of pent-up emotion broke in the old man and flooded out in tears. The tears gave way to elated smiles, and question after question followed. Father spoke

to son in the pride of a newfound joy.

"You must excuse your old father, Chung," the old man said. "I have been obstinate and foolish. You are doing wonderful work here. The Sisters, the nurses—" He stopped suddenly to pin his eyes on Leung Lin. "That girl there is an artist! Many a master with a scroll and writing brush is less an artist than she. I owe my life to her thoughtful care."

The eyes of Loh Chung and Leung Lin locked in secret humor. When the young doctor turned back to his father, he was still smiling broadly. "Father, you have spoken wisely," he said jovially. "At home your grandchildren will listen to your wisdom and run in the garden about you. But first you will grow strong again and have your tea on the table by the rosebush. And this girl here will be your nurse."

Confusion broke over the old man again. "But — she — the grandchildren — ?"

"You'll have them all, Father," said Chung, grinning. "This nurse, whom you call an artist, is my wife and your daughter."

The old man's joy couldn't be stifled. But he received no opportunity to speak. Loh Chung, tapping Leung Lin's arm, said with winning significance: "Get him dressed and gather his things together, Artist. We're going home, so that the new artist in our family will have a good start."

PRAYERS, PLEASE

WILL you, too, remember the following requests we have received for prayers?

Persons sick.....	3,229
Persons deceased.....	2,234
Persons in the services.....	1,100
Other special intentions.....	4,127

Three-Minute Meditation

"Behold, now is the acceptable time."

— II Cor. vi: 2

WHEN a Catholic priest in Japan told an American officer that there was hope of forty new missionaries coming soon to Japan, the officer replied: "Forty! Why, you ought to be sending four thousand!"

The sudden collapse of Shintoism leaves a spiritual vacuum for seventy million people in Japan. Christianity is the only force that can fill that vacuum, that can really answer the people's spiritual need. And there will be terrible consequences if we fail to meet this need.

Not only in Japan but all over the earth, men are searching for "the Way and the Truth and the Life." More and more are their eyes turning to the Church as towards a harbor in a storm.

"These are the times that try men's souls," wrote a well-known American in the Revolutionary War. It might well be said again. For never have there been years so crucial as these few years are for the future of the human race. In our hands are the tools of peace — peace built on justice, charity, and self-sacrifice. The opportunity is ours. It may never come our way again.

"Behold, now is the acceptable time." Now is the time for Christians to spread the Faith.

●
Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.



Charity Was the Magnet

OUT of the vast evil of the war in China, one good thing has come. Many thousands of Chinese, young and old, are ready to accept Christianity.

Homeless, ragged, sick and starving, guided by rumor or chance, the Chinese came thronging to the Maryknoll missions through all the years of war. And there they were helped and kept alive by the food and medicine, the clothing and shelter, which American friends of Maryknoll had provided.

Normally, many of these Chinese would not have met a priest; or if they had, they would not have been inclined to listen to the Gospel story. Talk is cheap in China, as elsewhere. Chinese understand self-interest, but they could not understand why foreign priests were devoted unselfishly to them. They concluded it must be the priests' religion.

Why should Americans make sacrifices to aid them? Why should Maryknollers,

able to go home to safety and comfort, remain to supply the needs of the homeless poor? By command of Christ? Who is He? This, they said, must be investigated!

Many Chinese are grateful, their hearts are touched, they are curious; but they are not yet Christians. If Maryknollers can instruct them now, they will become Catholics. If not, they may be lost to the Church of Christ.

To build chapels for these interested ones, to defray the expenses of sending priests to them would be a valuable investment for eternity at any time but the unusual opportunities which come to China in the wake of the war, make such help, today twice or thrice as valuable. Friends of Maryknoll have a rare opportunity these days to reap a magnificent harvest! A new chapel in China can be built, according to varied local conditions for \$1,000, or \$5,000, or \$10,000.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

Here is \$..... to be used in building chapels, in sending more missionaries, in expanding the work of Maryknoll in China.

Name
 Street
 City Zone State



Father Allié



Father Collins



Father Rechsteiner

On the Mission Front

A Fancy Product:—Our two new Maryknoll priests arrived at Huehuetenango late in the afternoon. They were accompanied by our good friend, Julio, manager of the Mayan Inn. The bells were ringing, and the school boys were lined up before the church to greet the new Fathers. A large crowd was inside and applauded the arrival of two more Maryknollers in the parish. Some mistook friend Julio for an extra Maryknoller! He, with his dashing mustache and sporty clothes, must have given the impression that Maryknoll is now turning out a pretty fancy product.

— Father Arthur F. Allié, of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, now in Guatemala

Boat Ride:—The launches here have something of the "Toonerville Trolley" about them. Don't be fooled, however; you get a fair measure of thrills when riding them. The rivers here are dangerous. In the rainy season they are full of logs that can easily overturn a launch or damage the propeller. There are many whirlpools, and it takes a skillful pilot to get by them safely. On our way up stream, the river was running so swiftly that we were just about at a standstill much of the time.

— Father Thomas P. Collins, of San Francisco, California, now in Porvenir, Bolivia

Daily Reminder:—An old man of eighty years, half of which had been spent in the Catholic Faith, passed away recently. His coffin was cut in one piece from a single tree, and in these days of high costs it was quite beyond the reach of a man of his simple means. Inquiry revealed that the old man had bought the coffin thirty years previously and had kept it in his bedroom as a daily reminder of death.

— Father Aloysius J. Rechsteiner, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, now in Yungking, China

Experience Counts: — Six years are not a long period in the priesthood; but the sufferings and sorrows, sicknesses and deaths, killings and injuries, wars and bombings, air raids and evacuations, have piled up experiences equal to those of many more years in normal times. The memorials of destruction all around us are endless, but the spirit with which the people are digging in to build a new China is true to the best traditions of China. This is our day, our opportunity to get in on the foundations. More than all else, we need spiritual backing to do God's work, and we need workers in abundance.

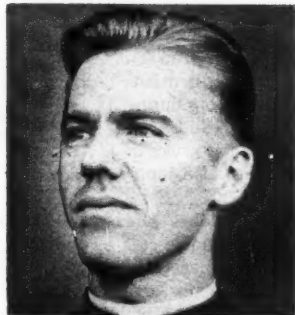
— *Father Edwin J. McCabe, of Providence, Rhode Island, now in Chuanhsien, China*



Father McCabe

Question Bee: — Father Rickert and I teach catechism in the public schools and are considered members of the school faculties. Hence, we were assigned as members of the board selected to give final examinations to the children. You won't believe some of the answers we received, but we will tell you, anyway. We asked, "What is one of the chief duties of the mayor?" Answer: "To collect garbage." Another question: "Name a municipal or public building." Answer: "The barbershop."

— *Father Walter J. Sandman, of San Francisco, California, now in Curepto, Chile*



Father Sandman

Mary Love: — Once more the Quintero family provided us with horses. Since this happened to be the twelfth of the month, we rode to the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. (The twelfth of every month is a day of pilgrimage to her shrine.) The day was perfect. We met pilgrims of all ages, plodding homeward after having paid their respects to the Virgin. For some, this all-day hike must have been fatiguing, but they smiled at us as they passed. No sacrifice is too great for the Virgin! The shrine itself caught my fancy. It is a pretty little church tucked away in the hills, with only the mountains to watch over it.

— *Father Albert I. Koenigsnecht, of Fowler, Michigan, now in Tepic, Mexico*



Father Koenigsnecht

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

To See the Invisible, college microscopes are needed for laboratory instruction and work in science classes in Maryknoll seminaries. Ten microscopes are required for the students' use; they cost \$55 each. Will some friend help us get them?

What Does \$5 Mean to You? To a Chinese student, too poor to pay his own way, the sum means a month of education, and a chance for life and leadership in the good years ahead. To Maryknoll, it means 30 days more during which we can train a student for service to God and his country. Will you help us?



Money Makes the Mule Go. Father Valladon's mule eats \$9 worth of feed a month; but she earns it, carrying Father throughout his large mission in Bolivia. Will some good friend sponsor Father Valladon's transportation for a month or more — or regularly?

Used Band Instruments, from base drums to trumpets, from flutes to tubas, are needed in Peru. Have you any to spare? Instruments will mean much to the children who will receive them.

Rebuild! Many missions in China, war-wrecked, can be made usable again at moderate cost. In Wuchow, five chapels are useless now; but for \$1,500 each, they could be returned to service. Maryknoll Members will, we hope, approve and help us with this work.

The Living Dead. Once they had ambition and plans for the future; once they had work and friends and families. Now they have nothing. Pity the lepers — spare \$5 for their care!

Drive Away the Dark from the seminary, school, and other mission buildings at Puno, Peru. A light plant could be installed at a cost of \$5,000. This would lengthen study time, lessen the danger of fire, and serve the whole mission community. The plant would be a marvelous gift to an important mission center in a mountainous section.

An Extra Tongue and Extra Ears are needed by the missionary who has to teach beginners and older pupils in China. Fortunately, he can hire a catechist, who is a teacher-assistant, for \$15 a month — if he has the \$15. If you will contribute this sum or part of it, you will double the Maryknoller's effectiveness!

It's Winter in South America. The wind is bitter at Macusani in Peru, and Father Meaney and his fellow Maryknollers need a stove for heating and cooking. Help us get the stove to them! It will cost \$45.

"Altar" means literally a high place, from the Latin word *"altus."* Father Richard Smith, of Talca, Chile, can build a suitable altar for his mission at a cost of \$100. We ask your aid for him.



Requests from Latin America

In Nuble, Chile, Father Arthur E. Brown has a fine choir, but he needs an organ. He can purchase a portable organ for \$100.

Housing Shortage—Five Maryknollers in Ecuador have no home of their own. A rectory can be built for \$2,000. Will you help us to get them out of their suitcases and into a house?

A Memorial of dignity and permanence — a monstrosity for Benediction. One is needed by Father Koechel for his mission in Mexico. The cost is \$100.

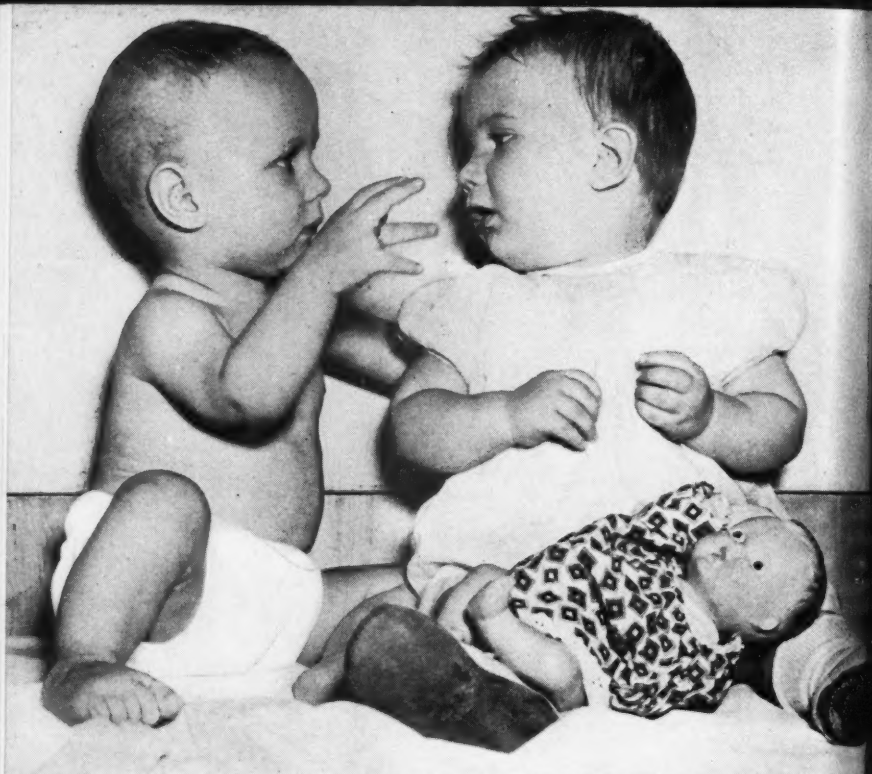
Should You Like to live in a house without glass in the windows? The priests' house at Crucero, Peru, needs \$20 worth of glass to make it habitable.

A Slide Film projector is needed for teaching the life of Christ and the lessons of the Catechism. Father Alfred E. Smith, in Guatemala, says it can be run on a battery. It will cost \$160.

In Hacienda Zemita, Chile, Father James A. Sheridan needs a chapel for his people. The estimated cost is \$1,500.

"The Making of a Catholic Will" is a clear, simple booklet. We will gladly send you a free copy.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS • MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



With the right technique, this nursery becomes a charming place. This year's group of young missionaries at Maryknoll are looking to us to use some kind of technique that will get them to their mission posts. We have a plan that must succeed, even if it doesn't charm. *See page 23.*

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